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NO. 1 THE GLORY OF CÆSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY.

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We know not to whom credit is due for the following hymn, which for sublimity of thought, and beauty of expression, we do not recollect to have seen equalled. It has been written many years.

## HYMN TO THE STARS.

Aye, there ye shine, and there ye shine,  
In one eternal hour of prime,  
Each rolling, burning, shining,  
Through boundless space and countless time.  
Aye! there ye shine the golden dew,  
That pave the realm by seraphs trod;  
There, through your echoing vaults diffuse  
The song of choral voices to God.

Ye visible spirits! bright as erst  
Young Eden's birthright saw ye shine,  
On all her flowers and fountains first,  
Ye sparkled from the hand divine;  
Yes! bright as then ye smiled to catch  
The music of a sphere so fair,  
To hold your high, immortal watch,  
And guard your God's pavilion there.

Gold frets to dust; yet there ye are;  
Time rots the diamond; there ye roll  
In primal light, as if each star  
Enshrined an everlasting soul.  
And do they not? since ye bright throng  
One all-enlightening spirit own?  
Praised there by pure æthereal tongues,  
Eternal, glorious, blest alone.

Could man but see what ye have seen,  
Unfold while the shrouded past,  
From all that is to what has been,  
The glance how rich! the range how vast!  
The birth of time, the rise, the fall,  
Of empires; mirage, ages, flown;  
Thrives, cities, tongues, arts, worship, all  
The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw and Zoroaster read  
His soul into your music reign;  
Ye saw the adoring Sabaean band,  
The living hills, the mighty fane,  
Beneath his blue and beaming sky,  
He worshipped at your lofty shrine,  
And deemed he saw with gifted eye,  
The godhead, in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock  
The children of an earthly sire;  
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,  
The red volcano's east'ning fire,  
Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame,  
All nature's ill, and life's worst woes,  
Are naught to you; ye smile the same,  
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Aye! there ye roll, emblems sublime  
Of Him whose Spirit o'er us moves,  
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,  
Still shining on the world he loves.  
Nor is one scene to mortals given,  
That more divine the soul and end,  
Than you proud heralds of heaven,  
You burning blaze of God.

From the N. York Sunday Morning News.

## THE OLD CLOCK.

[The following story was first published in the *Sunday Morning News* five or six weeks ago, and it has been republished in the same excellent paper three times. A poetical version of it has been published in the *Expositor*; and it has been dramatised and played with success at one of the principal theatres. It is substantially true, in all respects. The city blades have returned the landlord's pocket-book, with an acknowledgment that they lost the wages.]

"HERE SHE GOES THERE SHE GOES!"—Some years ago there came to this country a family from England, which settled on the upper part of this island, and opened a public house. Among their chattels was an old clock which they prized more for its age than its actual value, although it had told the hours for years on years with the most commendable fidelity. This clock is now situated in one of the private parlors of the house, and many a time has it been the theme of remark in consequence of its solemn antique exterior.

A few days since, about dusk, a couple of mad wags drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful wagon, drawn by a superb bay horse. They sprang out—ordered the ostler to pay every attention to the animal, and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel, they tossed off a glass of wine a piece, bemoaned a cigar, and directed the landlord to provide the best game supper in his power. There was a winsome look in the countenance of the elder—a bright sparkling in his eyes which occasionally he half closed in a style that gave him the air of 'a knowing one,' and a slight curving of the corners of the mouth, that showed his ability to enjoy, while his whole demeanor made every acute observer sure of his ability to perpetrate a joke. Now and then, when his lips parted and he ran his fingers through his hair with a languid expression, it was evident he was eager to be at work in his vocation—that of a practical joker! The other was a dapper young man, although different in appearance, yet with features which indicated that his mind was well fitted to be successful partner with his mate, and a dry pun or gravely delivered witticism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first rate wit. Supper on the table, these two Yankees were not dull as a couple generally will be at table, but made mirth and laughter and wit for their companions, and as wine in his parti-colored flowered robes presided, there was a 'set out' fit for a prince and his associates. The Yankees ate and drank, and were right merry, when the old family clock whirled and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The elder looked up at the old monitor before him, stuck his elbow on the table and looked again steadily for a minute, and then laughed out heartily, winking the waiter, who was just dozing by the window sill.

"What in the name of Momus are you laughing at?" asked the dapper Yankee, as he cast his eyes now over and around himself to ascertain where the zest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly, and yawning lazily, slowly raised the forefinger of his right hand and applied it gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint.

"Oh! I understand—no you don't come over this child! waiter, another bottle of champagne!" The servant left the room and our heroes inclining themselves over the table, held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and with an air of satisfaction exclaimed:

"Clocks always go it!" Then both cautiously rose from their chairs, and advancing to the clock, turned the key of the door and looked within, the elder, in a half enquiring, half decided manner saying—

"Won't it?" The waiter was on the stairs, and they returned to their seats in a trice, as if nothing happened—both scolding the waiter, as he entered, for being so lazy on his errand.

Having heard the clock strike one, they were shown to their beds, where they talked in a subdued tone, and finally sank to sleep. In the morning they were early up, and ordered their horse to be harnessed and brought to the door. Descending to the bar-room they asked for their bill, and with becoming promptitude paid the amount due over to the bar-keeper. The elder perceiving the landlord through the window, placed his arms upon the bar, and in a serious tone enquired of the bar-keeper if he would dispose of the old clock. The young man hesitated—he knew not what to answer. The old clock seemed to him such a miserable piece of furniture that he had an impression that it might as well be his as his employer's, yet he could not comprehend why such a person should want such a hideous article. While he was attempting to reply, the good natured landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs? Will you sell it?" asked the elder Yankee, while the younger lighted a cigar, and cast his eye over the columns of the *Sunday Morning News*, which lay upon the table. The landlord who had set no great value upon the clock except as an heirloom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Martin Hayward's chair, and be filled with dollars; and almost involuntarily, the three ascended the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the Yankee, "I once won a hundred dollars with a clock like that!" "A hundred dollars!" ejaculated the landlord. "Yes! you see there was one like it in a room over in Jersey, and a fellow bet me he could keep his forefinger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time!" "You did? You couldn't walk it out of me. I'll bet you fifty dollars I can do it on the spot!" "Done," cried the Yankee.

The clock struck eight, and with his back to the table and the door, the landlord propped into a chair—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum. The Yankees behind him interrupted—"Where's the money?—Plunk the money!"

The landlord was not to loose in that way. His forefinger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left disengaged his purse from his pocket which he threw behind him upon the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length exclaimed—

"Shall I deposite the money in the hands of the bar-keeper?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only answer.

One of the Yankees left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs; but he was not to be disturbed by that trick. Presently the bar-keeper entered, and touching him upon the shoulder, asked—

"Mr. B. are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving the forefinger as before.

The bar-keeper rushed down stairs: he called one of the neighbors and asked him to go. They ascended, and the seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice, said—

"Mr. B. do not sit here. Come, come down stairs, what can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply, and the solemn face and the slowly moving finger settled the matter. He was mad!

"He is mad," whispered the friend in a low voice. "We must go for the doctor." The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to interrupt him. "You had better call up his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord, and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul. "My dear," she kindly said, "look on me. It is your wife who speaks!" "Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go, but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to hound him against him and make him lose the wager. She wept, and she continued—

"What cause have you for this? Why do you do? Has your wife?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call to your daughter?"

Here she goes, there she goes! the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of his gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose, and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and to the anxious inquiry of his wife, answered,

"No, madam. The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again, again in harmony with the wavering finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician. "Will you run for Doctor W—ms?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. W—ms, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor present.

"Indeed, it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into the corner and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. W—ms.

"Ah poor dear husband," said the lady; "I fear he will never again know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" said the landlord with a little more emphasis, and with a more nervous yet determined waving of his finger in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put fifty dollars into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife, in a low, bewailing tone, continued her utterances—

"No, never; nor of his daughter!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived; he was naturally a talkative man, and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied—

"Ah ha! no, monsieur, you say very bad to razor—tres beautiful—eh!—look—look—very fine, isn't she?"

"Here she goes—there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on, and his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes—there she goes!" he responded in the best English he could use—"Vare? vare shall I begin vat is dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once!" interrupted the doctor while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes—there she goes!" for the last time cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room—

"I've won it! I've won it!"

"What?" said the bar-keeper.

"What?" echoed the doctors.

"What?" re-echoed the wife.

"Why, the wager—fifty dollars!" But casting his eyes round the room, and missing the young man who induced him to watch the clock, he asked the bar-keeper—

"Where are those young men who supposed here last night? eh? quick, where are they?"

"They went away in their wagon nearly an hour ago, sir!" was the reply.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book with the one hundred and seven dollars therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them! The story is ripe on all men's tongues in the neighborhood where this affair occurred, and the facts are not other wise than here set down; but we regret that the worthy landlord in endeavoring to overtake the rascals, was thrown from his own wagon, and so severely injured as to be confined to his room at the present moment, where he can watch the pendulum of his clock at his leisure.

WHEATON AND THE PANTHER.

BEN. Wheaton was one of the first settlers on the waters of the Susquehanna, immediately after the war, a rough, untutored and primitive man. As many others of the stamp and character, he subsisted chiefly by hunting, cultivating the land but sparingly, and in this way raised a numerous family amidst the woods and in a half-starved condition, and comparative nakedness. But as the Susquehanna country rapidly increased in population, the hunting grounds of Wheaton were encroached upon, so that a chance with the smooth bore among the deer and bears was greatly lessened. On this account Wheaton removed from the Susquehanna country in Oisego county, to the more unsettled country of the Delaware, near a place yet known by the name of Wait's settlement, where game was more plenty. The distance from where he made his home in the woods, through to the Susquehanna, was about fifty miles, and was continued wilderness at that time. Through these woods this almost aboriginal hunter was often compelled to pass to the Susquehanna, for various necessities, and among the rest no small quantity of whiskey, as

he was of very intemperate habits. On one of these visits, in the midst of summer, with his smooth bore on his shoulder, knife, hatchet, &c., in their proper places, he had nearly penetrated the distance, when he became weary, and having come to the summit of a ridge—sometime in the afternoon—which overlooks the vale of the Susquehanna, he selected a convenient place in the shade, as it was hot, for the rays of the sun from the west poured his sultry influence through all the forest, where he lay down to rest awhile among the leaves, after taking a drink from his pint bottle of green glass, and a mouthful of cold jenny cake from his pocket.

In this situation he was soothed to drowsiness by the hum of insects, and the monotony of the passing winds among the foliage around him when he soon unwarily fell asleep with his gun folded in his arms. But after awhile he awoke from his sleep, and for a moment or two still lay in the same position, as it happened, without stirring, when he found that something had taken place while he slept, which had situated him somewhat differently from the manner in which he first went to sleep, on reflecting a moment, he found he was entirely covered over, head and ears, with leaves and light stuff, occasioned as he now supposed, either by the sudden blowing of the wind, or some wild animal. On which account he became a little disturbed in his mind, as he well knew the manners of the panther at that season of the year, when it hunts to support its young, and will often cover its prey with leaves and bring its whelps to the banquet. He therefore continued to be perfectly still, as when he first awoke—he thought he heard the steps of some kind of heavy animal near him, and knowing if it were a panther the distance between himself and death could not be far, if he should attempt to rise up. Accordingly as he suspected, after waiting a full minute, he now distinctly heard the retreating tread of a stealthy panther, of which he had no doubt from his knowledge of the creature's ways. It had taken but a few steps, however, when it again stepped a longer time, still Wheaton continued his silent position, knowing his safety depended much on this. Soon the tread was again heard, farther and farther off, until it entirely died away in the distance—but he still lay motionless a few minutes longer, then he ventured gently and cautiously to raise his head and cast an eye in the direction of the creature. Whatever it was, it had gone, and he saw nothing. He now rose up with a spring, for his blood had been running from his heart to the extremities, and back again with uncommon velocity, all the while his ears had listened to the steps of the animal on the leaves and brush. He now saw plainly the marks of design among the leaves, and that he had been covered over, and that the paws of some creature had done it.

And, as he suspected, a panther was the animal, he knew it would return to kill him, on which account he made haste to deceive it, and to put himself in a situation to give it a taste of the contents of old smooth bore. He now seized upon some pieces of old wood which lay about, and placed as much as was equal to his own bulk, exactly where he had slept, and covered it all over with leaves, in the same manner the panther had done, and then sprang to a tree near by, into which he ascended from whence he had a view a good distance about him, and especially in the direction the creature had gone. Here in the crotch of the tree he stood, with his gun resting across a limb, in the direction of the place where he had been left by the panther, looking sharply as far among the woods as possible, in the direction he expected the creature's return. But he had remained in this position but a short time, and had barely thrust the ramrod down the barrel of his piece, to be sure the charge was in her, and to examine her priming, and shut down the pan slowly, so that it should not snap, and thus make a noise, when his keen Indian eye, for such he had, caught a glimpse of a monstrous panther, leading warily two panther kittens towards her intended supper.

Now matters were hastening to a climax rapidly, when Wheaton or the panther should finish their hunting on the mountains of the Susquehanna, for if old Smooth Bore should flash in the pan, or miss her aim, the die would be cast, as a second load would be impossible ere her claws would have sundered his heartstrings, in the tree where he was; or if he should but partially wound her, the same must have been his fate. During these thoughts the panther had hid her young under some brush, and had come within some thirty feet of the spot, where she supposed her victim was still sleeping, and seeing all as she left it, dropped down to a crouching position, precisely as a cat when about to spring on its prey. Now was seen the soul of the panther in its perfection; merging from the recess of nature, hidden by the creature, along the whole nervous system, but resting chiefly on the brain, from whence it glared, in bright horror, from its burning eyes, curled in its strong and vibrating tail, pushed out its sharp, white and elliptical fangs, from its broad and powerful jaws, its hot breath glittered on the points of its uncovered teeth, and smoked, in rapid issues of steam from its red and open jaws, while every hair of its long down back stood erect in savage joy, denoting that the fatal moment of its leap had come.

Now the horrid rustling of his hinder claws drawn under its belly was heard, and the bent ham strings were seen but half an instant by Wheaton from where he sat in his tree, when the tremendous leap was made. It rose on a long curve into the air of about ten feet in the highest place, and from thence descending, it struck exactly where the breast and bowels of its prey lay, with a scream too horrible

for description, when it tore to atoms the rotten wood, filling for several feet above it the air with leaves and light brush, the covering of their deception. But instantly the panther found herself cheated, and seemed to drop a little with disappointment, when however, it resumed its erect posture, and surveyed quite around on every side on a horizontal line, in search of its prey, but not discovering it, she cast a furious look aloft among the tops of the trees, when in a moment or two the eyes of Wheaton and the panther had met. Now, for another leap, when she dropped for that purpose, but the bullet was off, and two buck shot of old smooth bore were too quick, as he lodged them exactly in the brain of the savage monster, and dropped her dead on the spot where the hunter had slept but a short time before, in the soundness of a mountain dream.

EFFECTS OF AMBITION.

Ambition has, in almost every age, been a theme for the poet and the historian. In the records of every nation we may learn and see its effects described. Its operations, however, are various, corresponding to the character of the individual, and the circumstances in which he is placed. Sometimes it writes itself in characters of blood and spreads destruction over the works of God—and at others, flowing in a less destructive channel, stimulates men to noble deeds, and proves itself not among the least important principles in our nature. It forms the strongest spring in the machinery of mind, and its vibrations have seldom been slow or weak in those whose characters have been distinguished by great and daring achievements. It is indeed a wise provision that the most desirable distinction is acquired, by enterprises which contribute to the prosperity and happiness of mankind—and fortunate indeed is that people who make that distinction alone honorable, which is productive of public good. Men seldom act without motives, and these generally are the most powerful when great enterprises are undertaken. In time take from a man ambition, and you will render him a weak, inactive, and irresolute being. He will become a mere subject of compulsion, acting only as stern necessity actually requires.

Such are some of the benefits and legitimate objects of ambition. Without its influence to stimulate men to action, society would remain stationary or relapse into its former barbarity and ignorance. It was an honorable ambition which influenced men to drive those plans, and study those inventions which have contributed to the elevation of our race, and which still contribute to the happiness and prosperity of mankind. But on the other hand, when it is turned from its proper course, it ceases to cheer and fertilize; and like the samson of the desert, it scatters pestilence in its course. Then it is that nations are prostrated before it, and brought to obey its imperial mandates, or are buried in their own ruins. Let this spirit take full possession of a giant mind, and who shall predict the result? What human barrier can stay its march? Ambition when uncontrolled, is never satisfied with its acquisitions. Unfold the page of history, or listen to the tale of some oriental traveller, who has witnessed its traces in the magnificent ruins of some ravaged town and plundered country, and they will speak plainly upon this subject. It is ambition which has so frequently caused useless revolutions in states and empires, and caused them to change a happy and prosperous condition for one desolate and wretched. It has caused the most fertile portions of our earth to change their appearance of plenty and beauty, for that of want and desolation. It has prompted a Caesar, Alexander, and a Napoleon to call millions of men from their peaceful homes to perish on the field of battle. There have been sacrificed at its shrine talents the most brilliant and promising, and these gifted possessions have like Prometheus been consigned to the culture and the rock. Such have been the effects of inordinate ambition, and such they probably will continue to be.

FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship North America arrived at New York on Tuesday from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 7th of February.

The affairs of Canada were a topic of much interest in the British Parliament.

The following extracts from some of the speeches in reference to that subject, we take from the New York American. The Duke of Wellington said—

My Lords: I now come to the last part of the speech to which I have listened with the utmost anxiety: and I am happy to find in this speech what was thought necessary on a former occasion, namely, a declaration on the part of her majesty of her firm determination to maintain her sovereignty over her provinces in North America. My Lords, I could wish that this declaration of her majesty had been accompanied by corresponding efforts to enable her majesty to carry these intentions into effect.

It is a trifling insurrection, and confined to one part of the country, but it has been accompanied by an invasion and an attack upon the persons and property of her majesty's peaceable subjects on all parts of the frontier adjoining the United States, and for no reason whatever, but because her majesty's subjects are obedient and loyal to her majesty.

Certainly, my lords, I should wish to see a corresponding preparation made, and measures adopted, with a view of carrying into execution the intentions which her majesty has declared, of maintaining her sovereignty over these provinces. My lords, the system of private war which prevails on that frontier is unknown in any other part of the world. We read of such things in the history of barbarian nations: we read of such a system carried on against the Austrian monarchy, which lasted from century to century. All these were wars of barbarism against civilization: Never were there any instances of such wars between civilized nations, except in the case before us.

I trust, noble lords and the other house of parliament will look a little further into this very important subject, and draw the attention of government to it; for it appears eminently necessary that some measure should be taken to induce the government of the United States to put into operation some effectual steps for the suppression of these outrageous proceedings.

Let them consider closely the consequences of that invasion, for it seems to me that if some steps are not immediately taken on the part of her majesty to enforce that passage of the royal speech of which I approve so highly, we shall find our provinces of Upper Canada treated much in the same way in which the province of Texas has been treated. This is a point to which I beg to draw the particular attention of her majesty's government.

I entreat of them to consider this war as a great national war; to remember that the highest national interests are involved in it, and we must proceed on a large scale of action, if we wish to bring it to an early and satisfactory period.

I have no doubt of the intentions of the President of the United States in the matter; but at the same time I cannot but feel regret when I see American subjects coming into our territory, armed, and provided too, with cannon taken from the U. States, and belonging to the United States. I cannot but feel deep regret and much surprise when I see these American subjects publicly invading our territories, and am told that it cannot be prevented by the government of the U. States.

There can, I conceive, be no doubt but that the civil government of any country is capable at any time of preventing the collection of bodies of troops within its territory, and their invasion of neighboring states. But here we see the United States sitting down quietly, and taking hardly any notice whatever of the invasion by its subjects, of the British provinces.

Lord Melbourne—in alluding to another part of the speech, the subject of which it is impossible to regard without considerable uneasiness and vexation—I refer to the state of Canada—the noble duke, while he appears to approve of that part of the speech states that he could have wished to see some corresponding measures of vigor adopted by the government, in order to carry that determination into effective operation.

It is quite clear that a state of things does exist on the North American frontier greatly to be deplored; yet when we remember the disposition exhibited by the various states there to interfere with each other, and the tendency to private warfare with other, it is not much to be wondered at. When, however, the noble duke expresses his regret at not seeing a vigorous demonstration made in our Canadian province in order to enable our subjects there to repel the outrageous aggressions upon them, I am somewhat at a loss to understand what he has to complain of in this respect.

There is in that country a very large establishment, beside a very considerable militia force, together an army powerful enough to laugh to scorn any attempt that may be made by the sympathisers. When, however, we consider the character of the country, its innumerable and extensive lakes, forests, morasses, it would be quite impossible to keep up such a force as utterly to prevent all sudden aggressions and predatory excursions.

Therefore I know not with reference to this province itself, what stronger measure you could adopt; but with respect to the government of the United States, I agree with the noble duke, that every means should be taken to do that which it is the duty of every government to do, namely, to keep its subjects within its own frontier, and prevent bodies of men, the subjects of one state, making attacks on their neighbors in another. There is no reason I apprehend to doubt the sincerity of the government of the United States as to its wish to carry into effect the stipulations binding it as regards its duty to its neighbors; but considering the nature of the country—considering the comparative wildness of those districts—and also considering the character of the government—it must be admitted that it has serious difficulties to contend with in carrying this object into effect.

Lord Melbourne was followed somewhat to the same effect by Lord Brougham.

The territory, said his lordship, which bounded the American States towards Canada, was a wild, barren, and in many places uncultivated for a considerable distance; the frontier could be easily passed over, and there was little or no impediment to going from the territory of one state to that of the other.

The noble duke said that if this predatory system continued—if it were persevered in—all the powers of the English government in Canada would not be able to prevent retaliations by the people of Canada on the United States.

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